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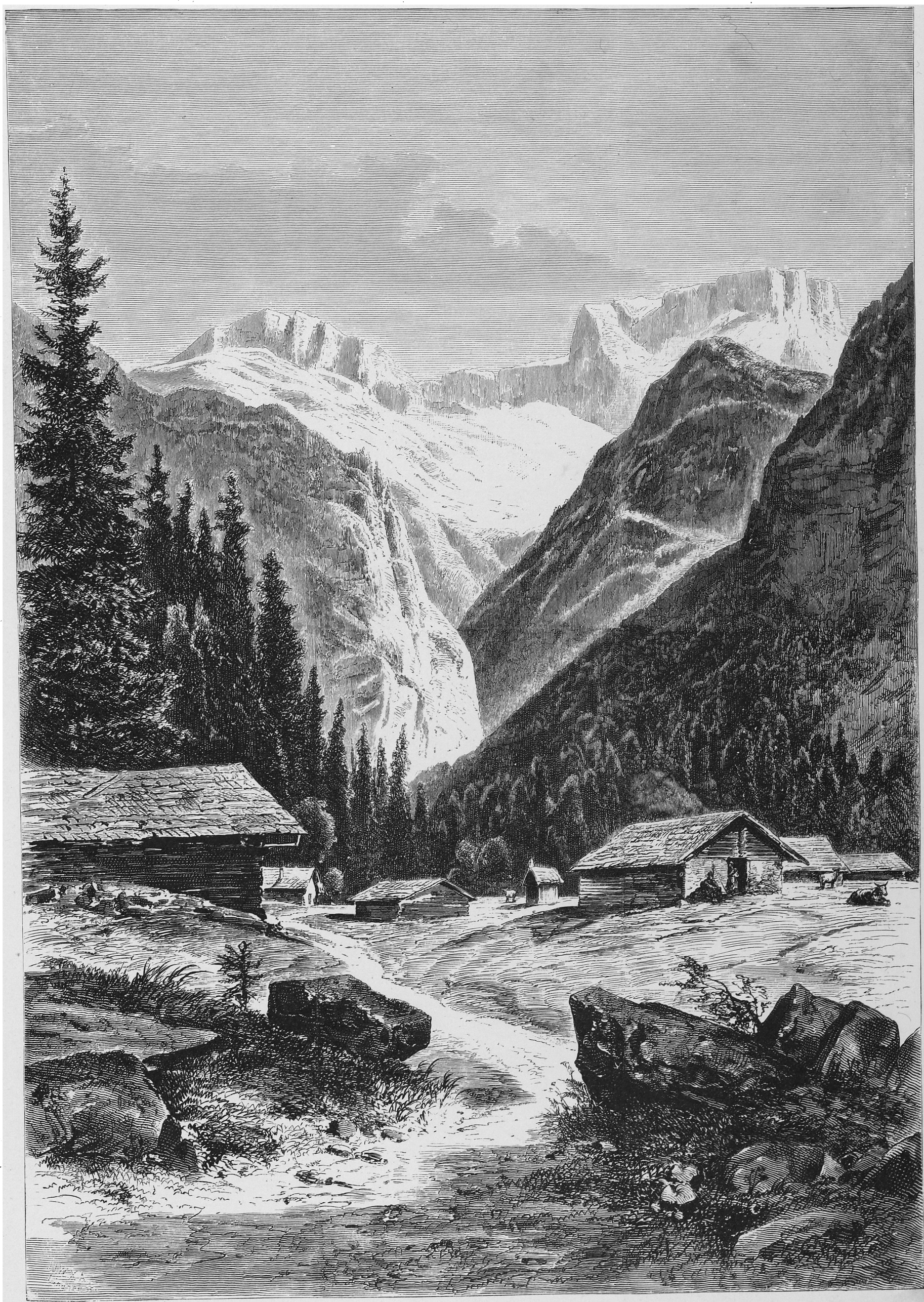
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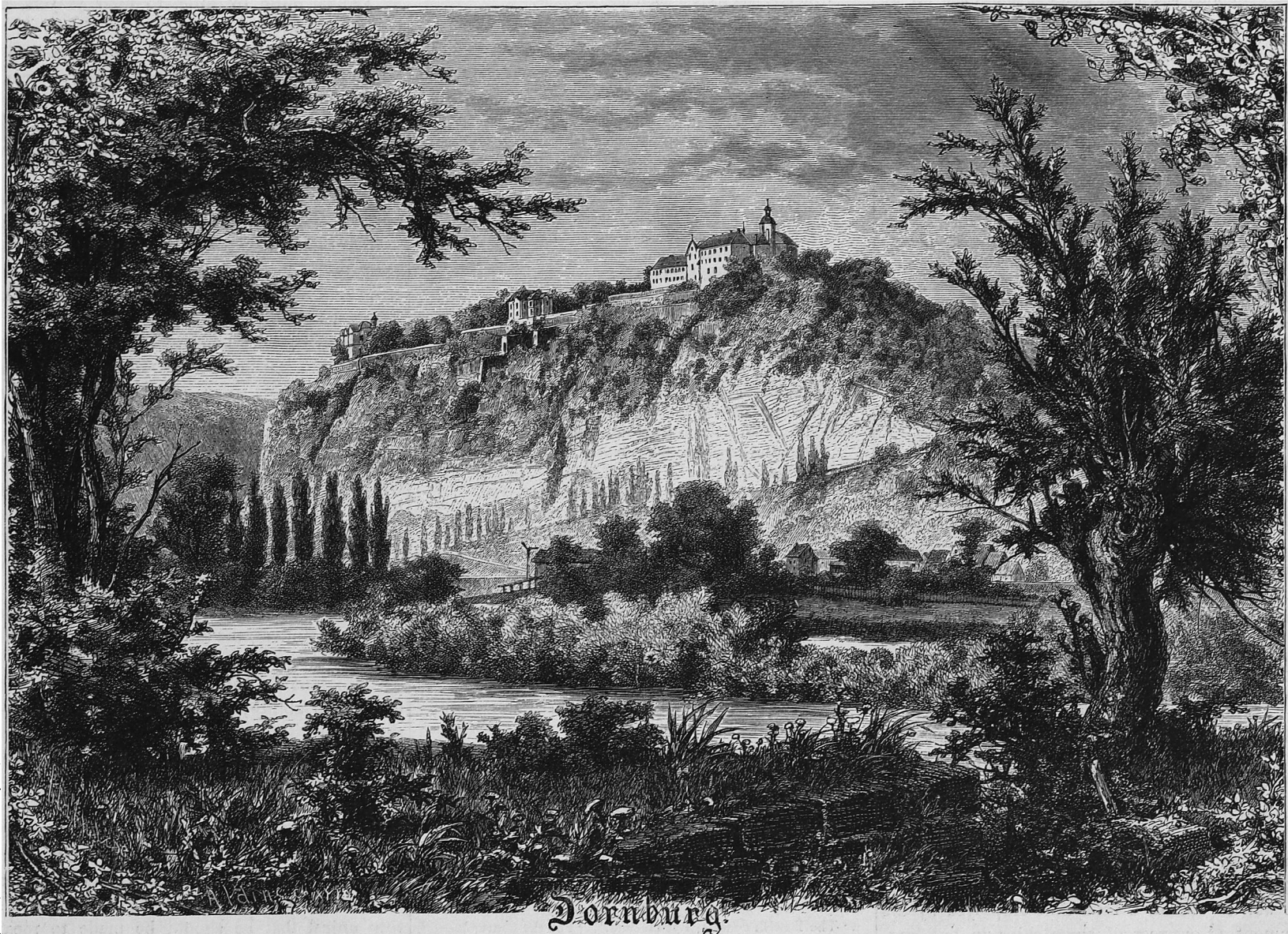
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THE RETTENBACH ALP, NEAR ISCHL, AUSTRIA. — L. BESTANDIG.



Dornburg.

PICTURESQUE EUROPE.

SCENERY OF THE THURINGIAN SAALE.

THE habit of naming more than one river in the same country by the same name, with or without a prefix for distinction, is nearly as common in Germany as in England, where there exist half a dozen Leas, nearly as many Avons, and other streams only less numerous in similar nomenclature. One of the most notable of the German instances is to be found in the Frankische Saale, in Bavaria, falling into the Main at Gmünden; the Salzburger Saale, divided between Bavaria and Austria, falling into the Salza near Salzburg; and the much larger and longer Thuringian Saale, having its rise in the Fichtelgebirge Mountains, near Hof, flowing through all the Saxon duchies, and falling into the Elbe a few miles

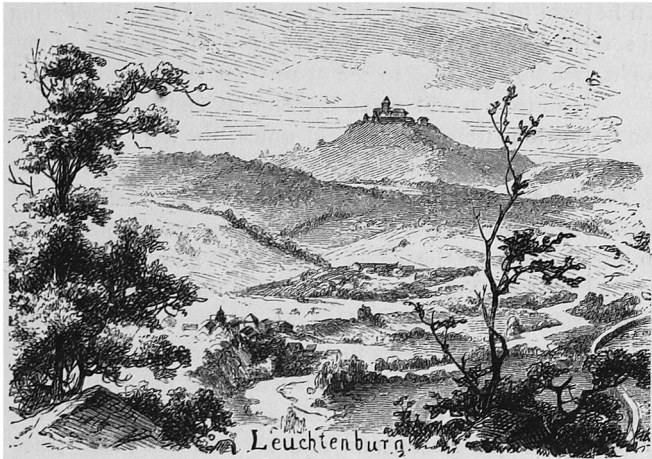
the case with so noble a stream, — has been honored alike in the growth of picturesque villages and the erection of proud fortresses of the earlier ages, along its banks; and to the latter, especially, its scenery owes much of its admitted beauty.

The central picture of this series is, of course, the magnificent Dornburg (or Dornberg, as the name is alternately given among the Germans), lying on the banks of the noble river, within the old Duchy of Saxe-Weimar, and only fifteen miles distant from the town of Weimar itself, seat of the government of that small territory so celebrated in the world of letters, and notable for the residence there and connection with it of Goethe, in that portion of his life in which he may be said to have made the most notable and enduring mark on the mind of his generation. Dornburg is by no means one of the populous cities of the earth; its population being scarcely more than one thousand, if so many; but the splendor of its situation, the healthfulness of the whole neighborhood, and the aroma of genius blended with antiquity hanging about it, have made it a place of delightful visit if not of favorite resort with those who, wandering through Europe, understand how and where to pick out those places which supply what Halleck well designated as the "Meccas of the mind."

Next to Dornburg may be mentioned Lobdaburg, second to the former in size and importance, as in age, and its influence on continental history, — but vieing with it in that beauty which seems to belong so especially to the region watered by this noble river. Again, we have Leuchtenburg (not to be confounded, though it often is, with a town of exactly the same name, Leuchtenburg, lying in the upper Palatinate, Bavaria, a few miles east of Amburg). Leuchtenburg of the Saale lies in the principality of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, twelve miles southeast of the town of the latter name, and has so many picturesque features that the artist has doubly honored it by giving

not only a picture of the town from without, but one of the old and rambling streets making it so notable within ("Auf der Leuchtenburg").

Rudolstadt, capital of the principality just mentioned, eighteen miles south of Weimar, historically dating from the time of the Emperor Rudolph, and bearing a name signifying its origin, affords another of those pictures appealing so pleasantly to the eye and the mind imbued with romantic history. It has the old and once formidable walls remaining, with a cathedral of some eminence, a library of no less than forty thousand volumes, a gymnasium, and a gallery of pictures said to number very many of the best works of the great German masters. It has bowed more to the spirit of modern times, however, than many of its surrounding towns, being now somewhat noted for the manufacture of woolen cloths and por-



Leuchtenburg.

southeast of Magdeburg, with a total length of 212 miles (nearly that of the Hudson), and a navigable character, even for large vessels, from Halle to the *débouchure* into the Elbe.

Few rivers of the earth, meanwhile, have ever been more charmingly illustrated in views capable of any wide dissemination, than the Thuringian Saale in the series of pictures which we present herewith — equally faithful in representation of the scenery intended to be conveyed, and delicate and pleasing in the manipulation. The Saale, as will be noted, and as should be



Auf der Leuchtenburg.

celain, in the latter of which branches it copies and rivals, however afar off, the magnificent and unapproachable Dresden.

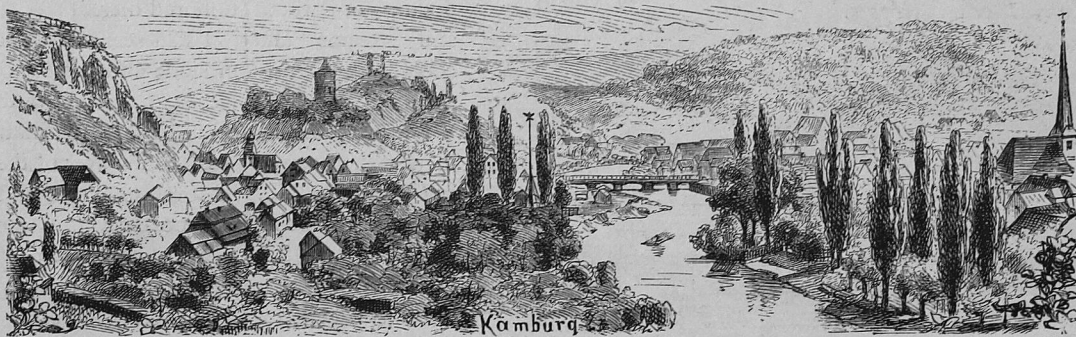
This is followed by Kamburg (alternately and often spelled as Camburg, in violation of the German habit), in the Duchy of Saxe-Meiningen, seventeen miles east northeast of Weimar, and needing a corresponding care to that already bespoken for some of the other towns on the Saale, to prevent its being confounded with another and much larger town called Kamburg, in the Grand Duchy of Nassau. Kamburg,

singularly beautiful in location, seems disposed to play the part of the "sleeping beauty" by allowing all the thunders of modern times to break around it without acknowledging disturbance, — though it is doubtful whether another description of "thunder," soon to be mentioned in this connection, did not for the time start the storks and swallows from the chimneys and gables of the old town, some seventy years ago, when the step of the great conqueror had just fairly begun to resound over the world of Continental Europe. Of even less conse-

quence to the welfare of the busy world, is Weissenburg, with something less than a thousand inhabitants, lying some ten miles east of Bautzen, and with the distinction of being so called in the Wendish dialect once here prevailing altogether and even now to a considerable extent, that no other than a Wend could possibly believe it to be the same — nothing more nor less than "Wospork!"

Much more prominent than its partial namesake, the Mouse Tower on the Rhine, stands over the noble river the Fuchsthurm, or Fox Tower, which disputes with one of the old towers of Ireland the distinction of having been the spot where the droll story told by Tyrone Power, after Samuel Lover in "Rory

midable for attack or defense, in the wars of those times when Krupp's cannon and the Armstrong gun had not yet come into the field of vision. Jena has many edifices of some consequence — a university of



Kumburg

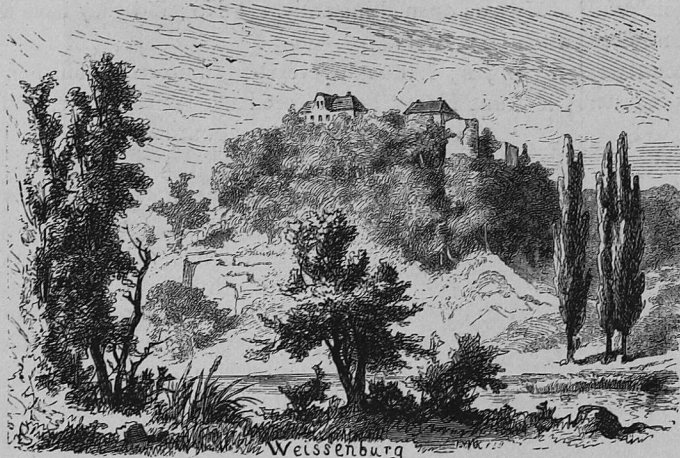
eminence, besides a lunatic asylum and a variety of scientific associations (perhaps the two belonging together); and it manufactures the odd blending of coarse linens, hats and tobacco. But not Jena of the far back times, nor yet Jena of to-day, is a thing of any consequence beside the Jena of seventy years ago. For here it was that one of the great battles of the world was fought, for the time doing its full share in changing the map of Continental Europe. Here it was that on the 14th of October, 1806, Napoleon totally and fearfully defeated the Prussians under their king and the Duke of Brunswick, the latter falling on the field, and the consequences being the almost total though temporary annihilation of the powers allied against the Great Corsican.

But Jena, on the Saale, can not be dismissed, however briefly the other towns studding that picturesque river may be, — without a closer reminder of that memorable battle. It only needs, preliminarily, to remind the reader that after the great triumphs of the campaign of Austerlitz, the power of Napoleon was for the first time fully acknowledged; but that in 1805 the influence of the Emperor of Russia was sufficient to induce the once defeated King of Prussia to grow restive under the chain of the

nadotte and Davoust; and Lannes and Augereau. The first news the truce-breaking King of Prussia received of the presence of Napoleon in his dominions, was from the explosion of the magazines of Nauem-berg, and the battle of Saalfeld, in which his brother fell. On the evening of the 13th October (1806), Napoleon, with his army, pitched his tent on the field of Jena. His heavy train of cannon was forty hours' march behind, and something had to be done at once. Behind him rose a ledge of rock; and foreseeing that his light field-

pieces might there atone for the want of larger guns, he set his men at work to cut a road up through the rocks, where they dragged their guns and planted a battery, which was to command the field on the coming day.

"The Emperor of the French passed the whole night with his army; helped drag the guns to the cliffs, and recalling the inspiring souvenirs of former campaigns, robbed his battalions of repose, and transported them with impatient rapture for the daybreak of another victory. Augereau commanded the right wing — Soult the left, and Lannes the centre, and Murat the reserve of cavalry, whose onset among wearied and heated columns was to decide the day.



Weissenburg

O'More," actually had its foundation. Here it was, in the Fox Tower, as alleged, that the fox coming in to warm himself at the fire of the forester who occupied the lower story as winter quarters, had the door shut upon him and the dogs whistled for, whereupon Reynard took a blazing brand from the fire, threw it into the forester's bed, and obliged him to open the door with a certain suddenness to procure water for saving his furniture — at which crisis the triumphant fox, putting the brush of his tail to his nose in default of fingers, made his way out to the forest and disappeared. This is the legend of the Fox Tower, said to have given it the name, — as the fact (more or less) of the cruel and penurious Bishop Hatto, who hoarded the corn and starved the poor, being eaten up by the mice thus attracted within the building, is alleged to have bestowed the Mouse Tower designation on the queer old stronghold standing out in the Rhine not far from Bingen.

Then we have Orlamünde, picturesque enough as another of the old towns of the Saale, and no doubt a pleasant place of sojourn for those who at once desire the picturesque in scenery and the quiet in society (or the absence of it). But who can think, at any length, now, of this antique village, when glancing across from the Forsthausges, a view is caught of the old town of Jena — one of the names on the broad earth that may be said to have made history instead of enduring it or becoming part of it! Jena, twelve miles east-south-east of Weimar, lies in a pleasant valley of the Saale, though in altitude 500 feet above the sea; and around it still stand some of the walls that once made it for-

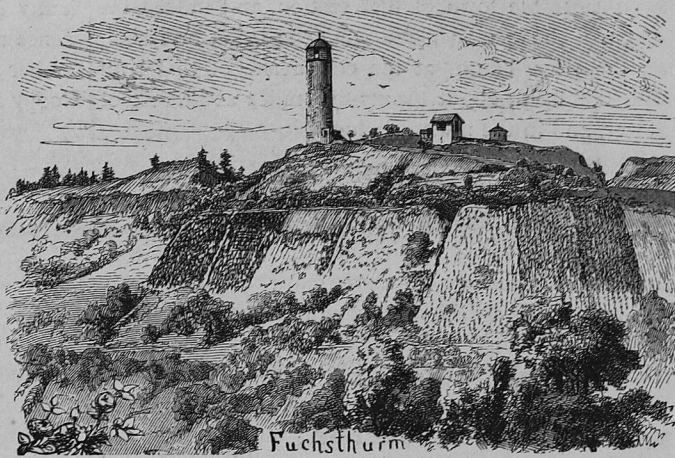
treaty he had made with his conqueror — and finally to lead to the breaking of that treaty, the taking up of arms, and the winning of a few minor successes against the French forces, so far scattered and only half organized for the unexpected combat. It was not in Napoleon, however, to linger long over the work that he felt himself called to do; and the sudden and rapid precipitation of his forces into the Prussian dominions followed, almost with the rapidity of the lightning-stroke following the flash that gives the only warning. It is at this point that one of the most graphic battle-painters of the century (the author of "The Napoleon Dynasty") takes up the relation of the great battle itself; and we can do no better justice to the brilliant but bloody story then told for future generations on the banks of the Saale, than by



Orlamünde

quoting the words of that powerful and well-instructed writer:

"Again the hero of Austerlitz set his army of grenadiers and marshals in motion. They marched by three divisions — under Soult and Ney; Murat, Ber-



Fuchsthurm

"Again, as at Austerlitz, a cloud of mist enveloped the contending hosts; and both armies were closing in battle before the sun revealed to either commander the divisions of his foe.

"Marshal Soult received the first charge of the Prussians, and it was a doubtful struggle — hand to hand. But Ney's division drove the Prussians back. The sun had now mounted the heavens, and so brilliantly that nothing but the smoke of battle obstructed the view.

"Napoleon saw the position of both armies, and ordered a simultaneous charge throughout the lines. The Prussians withstood the shock, and fought with the heroism of patriotic despair. At last Napoleon, who with a spy-glass in his hand (the one he always used in battle, and with which he could read the expression of a face at a great distance), saw where a bold charge would decide the battle, ordered Murat to advance with his cavalry. A single blast of the bugle was enough. The chafing squadrons that had been snuffing the smoke of battle for hours, leaped to the contest and dashed through the lines. The Prussian columns were broken — infantry, cavalry, guards and grenadiers, were wrapped in a winding-sheet of smoke and death. When the conflict ended, and the fresh north breeze

lifted the battle-cloud from the plain, 20,000 Prussians were dead or taken; with 300 cannon, sixty royal standards and twenty generals. Thus was defeated an army of 150,000 men; and thus the Prussian Monarchy lay at the feet of the conqueror."

The series of pictures of the scenery of the Thuringian Saale, herewith given, are from the facile pencil of H. Heubner. As already said, a more pleasing



Lobdaburg

succession, with a noble river nearly always playing a leading part in the varying landscapes, might be long looked for and without result, in almost any other direction of either continent.

THE RETTENBACH ALP, NEAR ISCHL, AUSTRIA.

As is well known to most readers, one of the greatest salt mines of the world, or rather one of the greatest collections of salt mines, is to be found in and about the division of Steyermark, in Upper Austria. A considerable town of that section, and indeed the centre of the system of salt works, is Ischl, or Ischel, on the river Traun, at the confluence of that river with the Ischl, about twenty-five miles southwest of Steyer, and in the midst of what is locally called the "Salzkammergut" ("salt-chambers.") Meanwhile, the whole section has other attractions than those afforded by the salt production, the scenery of Steyermark being especially wild and grand, as was long ago noted by Bayard Taylor, who in his early travels sang :

"In Steyermark, bright Steyermark,
The fields are green and the forests dark ;

* * * * *

And the sweetest songs of the finch and lark
Are heard in the orchards of Steyermark."

Among the scenery, the Rettenbach Alp, near Ischl, holds a prominent if not the very first place, the crystalline peaks and ruffles which give so rare a character to all the scenery of the section, being joined with an Alpine glacier that might lie on the top of one of the Swiss giants—with the tall pines, the dark ravines, the low, broad-eaved chalets, and all the other charming features of the Helvetian mountain land. The drawing by L. Bestandig is equally excellent and faithful, and the whole picture a charming as well as a highly instructive and educative one.

THE WITCH OF ICE MOUNTAIN.

A LEGEND OF VIRGINIA.

It was six years ago, last summer, that I went up into Hampshire County, West Virginia, to visit some friends residing near the little village of R—. The scenery in the entire county and those adjoining it is very grand ; often reaching to the sublime. Long ranges of mountains, unlike those in the Far West, which are clothed with dark pines alone, — but richly mantled to their very summits, with chestnut and chestnut oaks, white oak, red maple and hickory — while the lines were varied every hour in the day by the shifting vapors, the golden sunlight and the sheeted rains. Then there were the lovely smiling valleys, rich with their golden harvest, and dotted with comfortable homes ; and clear, sparkling springs, creeks and rivers, winding, rippling, glittering and dancing along ; first beside the foot of one mountain, then gliding over to kiss the base of the opposite range. All of this makes up the very landscape in which an artist delights — being rich in sunny meadow-gleams, dancing waters, and cool, mossy dells and nooks. Wherever

there are mountains, brooks and rich foliage, there may always be found precious golden spots for the canvas to catch to its sympathetic breast, and carry off to make city folks dream of woods and streams and cool, fresh country air.

I was sojourning in just such a spot as I have described. An artist cousin from the city had been with me for a month, and together we had searched out all the lovely nooks for miles around. He returned to the city with his curiosity but half gratified, but with his portfolio enriched with many beautiful sketches ; while I was left to wander alone,

communing with nature and with my own soul. This was no hardship, however, as I had always felt the necessity of being alone a good portion of my time. True, we grow to love the excitement of society — glad to receive pleasurable impressions from without ; but it is only when left entirely alone that we begin to know our own resources, or are able to fathom the depths of our own souls.

I had a good horse and was extremely fond of long rides through this picturesque region. I had no difficulty in finding my way to any of the wonderful scenes around me ; and so alone I started, one September morning, to visit the celebrated Ice Mountain. I copy a portion of the description given by Samuel



Jena vom Forsthaus ges.

Kercheval in his "History of the Valley," a book written many years ago, and now entirely out of print :

"This most extraordinary and wonderful work of God's creation certainly deserves the highest rank in the history of the natural curiosities of our country. This mountain is washed at its western base by the North River, a branch of the Capon. The west side of the mountain, for about one mile, is covered with loose stones, of various size, many of which are of a diamond shape. It is probably six or seven hundred feet high, very steep, and presents to the eye a most grand and sublime spectacle.

"At the base of the mountain, on the west side, for a distance of about one hundred yards, and ascending some twenty-five or thirty feet, on removing the loose stones, which is easily done with a prize, the most perfectly pure and crystal looking ice, in all seasons of the year, is to be found, in blocks of from one or two pounds, to fifteen or twenty, in weight. * * *

This is the more remarkable from its being a known fact that the sun shines with all its force from eight or nine o'clock in the morning till late in the evening, on the surface covering the ice, but the latter defies its power. Milk, butter, or fresh meat will keep almost any length of time in a

little house built for the purpose. If a fly venture in, he is immediately stiffened with the cold and becomes torpid. If a snake in his rambles happens to pass over the rocks covering the ice, he soon loses all motion and dies."

I had seen the wonderful mountain with its blocks of stone and the ice blocks below ; with its spring of ice water just above the river bank at the foot of the mountain. I had admired the grand view, and had watched the flow of the beautiful stream that glided, in its loveliness, ever and ever onward to the sea. Such a scene always sets me to dreaming, and before I was aware of the presence of a human being, I was startled by the common salutation of the country :

"Evenin' !"

Looking up, I beheld one of the class known as "hillers" in Virginia, and whose physiognomies and manners are so admirably portrayed by "Porte Crayon," in his sketches for Harper. "S'pose you come to see Ice Mountain, did yer. Thar's a good many folks ben to see it sence I lived h'yar. Shouldn't wonder ef you didn't think it a grand thing, hey?"

I answered that I *did* think it a wonderful curiosity. This was sufficient to set him going. He told me how long he had lived here, where he came from, and quite a number of other items, entirely uninteresting. I arose to mount my horse for the purpose of journeying homeward.

"Did you hear tell o' the witch o' Ice Mountain?" he asked.

My ears opened instantly. "No ; did they have a witch here, ever?"

"O yes ; I thought everybody knowed about her. Ole Aunt Hepsy Bean's seed her many a time, and I've hearn tell about her ever sence I was a boy !"

"Does any one in R— know about her?" I asked, for I did not think I had time to hear the story from my uncouth acquaintance, and reach the village that night.

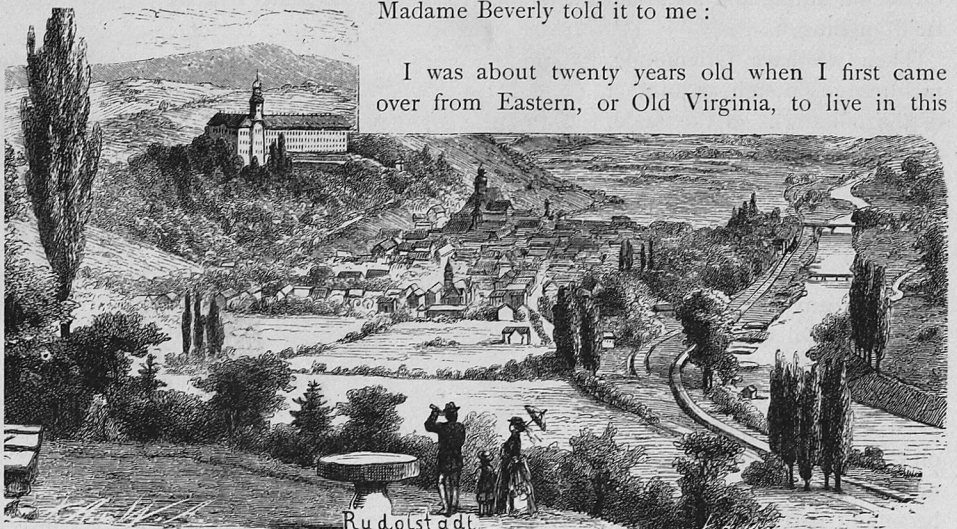
"O yes ! Thar's ole Ma'am Beverly in town ; she knows more about her'n anybody. They du say that *she* didn't never b'lieve that she *was* a witch, an' that she knowed all about her. But ole Aunt Hepsy says that *her* mother knowed for a certainty

that she charmed the milk so's the butter wouldn't come, and throwed the little boy into spazzums, 'cause they laughed at her ugly ole face."

Now "ole Ma'am Beverly" was a very old lady, and a grandaunt of the very friend I was boarding with. Everybody called her Madame Beverly, and she was one of the relics of the first society in the early days of Virginia. The madame was ninety-three years old, perfectly courtly in manner, and beloved by all her intimate friends, though feared a little by the illiterate people of the surrounding country.

I thanked the man for his information, and hastened homeward, my mind filled with the romance of a real witch story. And the following is the tale as Madame Beverly told it to me :

I was about twenty years old when I first came over from Eastern, or Old Virginia, to live in this



Rudolstadt

glorious mountain land. I was strong and well, a first-rate horsewoman, and was perfectly enthusiastic over the grand scenery around my new home. I